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280 d. 523.

Monody on the death of H. R. H. the princess Charlotte Augusta.

1817.

Princess Charlotte

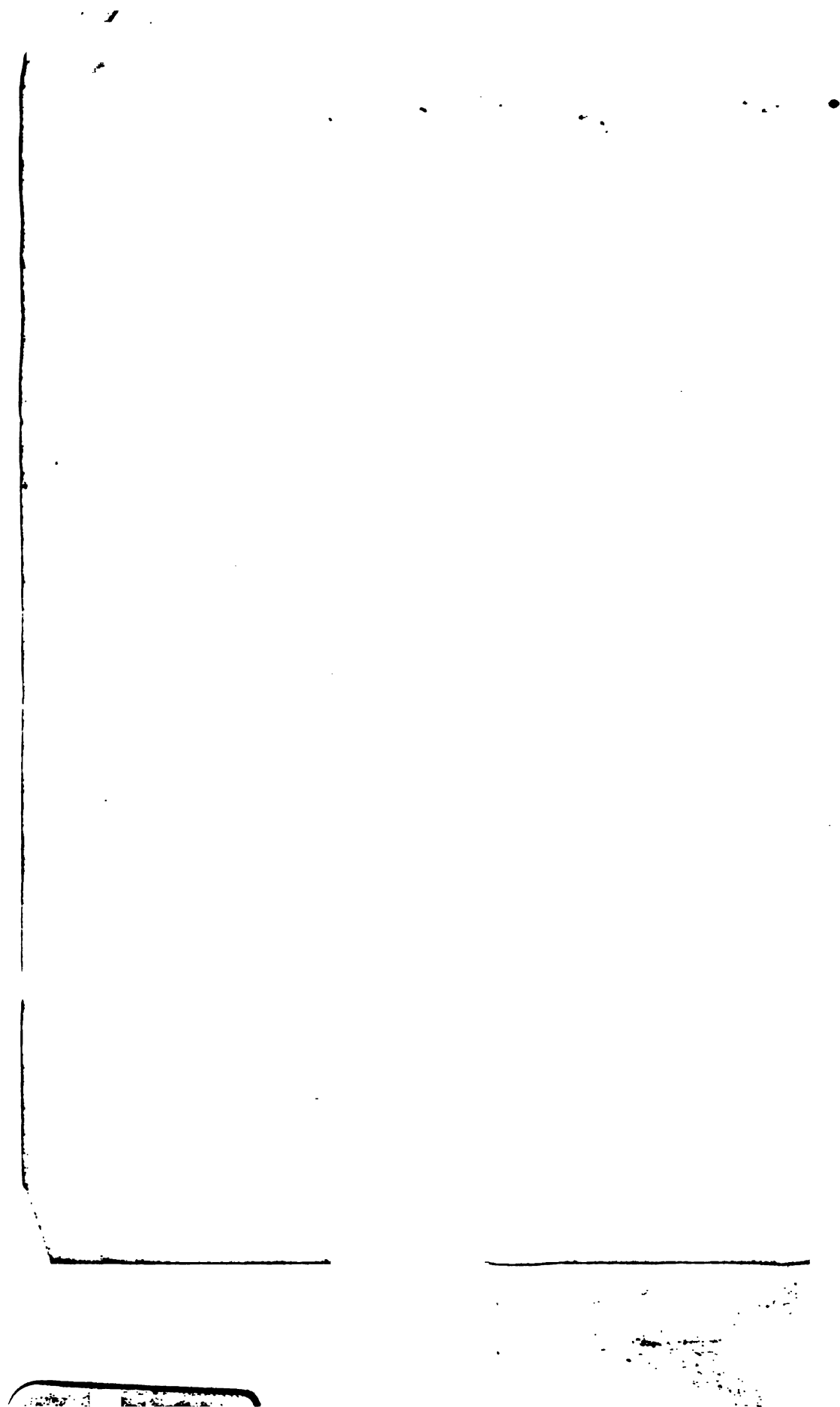
1817

MONODY.

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MONODY.



MONODY
ON
THE DEATH
OF
Her Royal Highness
THE
PRINCESS CHARLOTTE AUGUSTA.

"There is a time to mourn."—ECCLES.

ABERDEEN:
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1817.

MONODY

ON THE DEATH OF

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE AUGUSTA.

“**T**HE PRINCESS AND HER CHILD ARE DEAD!”—the sound
Spread desolation, as it pass’d, around.
What heart but felt the soul-appalling shock,
That a long train of golden visions broke?
What voice retain’d its tone, what cheek its hue;
Though Hope delusive, deem’d the tale untrue;
Till fatal Truth, like the tornado, rush’d,
And hope, and joy, and expectation crush’d.

WHEN the Earth trembles with convulsive force,
O'erwhelming ruin follows at the source ;
And though with lessen'd power the shock extends,
Yet consternation all its course attends.
Even so, though LONDON's gorgeous streets may show
More of the pomp and pageantry of woe,
Her doleful chimes—her sable cavalcades,
Her tearful matrons—and her fainting maids ;
Yet CALEDONIA's utmost bounds shall view
Grief as sincere, and sympathy as true.
Old CAMBRIA's mountains shall their loss deplore,
And sorrow murmur round HIBERNIA's shore.

How short the space, since Britons saw, with pride,
A lovely Princess, and a happy Bride,
Beneath whose gentle yoke, and gracious sway,
They might recall ELIZA's golden day ;
While Science to perfection's height might soar,
And War's rude tumults, for a time, be o'er.—

Blest with the object of her youthful love,
 The sweets of pure felicity they prove ;
 In calm retirement's shade the moments roll,
 And bright improvement beams upon the soul.
 She feels the high important rank she bears,
 And lays the treasures up for future years.
 Nor time nor change shall put such treasures down,
 Fit for a mortal or immortal crown,

But now the picture's dark reverse appears—
 A couch of woe—attendants pale with fears ;
 A silent Babe—wrapt in primeval gloom,
 He needs no nurse—his cradle is the tomb.
 Fated, by Heav'n, to see no earthly light,
 Nor meet a smiling Parent's raptur'd sight.
 No sense to feel, no faculties to own,
 Nor know the cares, or glories of a crown ;
 But, ere his birth, to end all mortal strife,
 And 'scape the pains and penalties of life.

With reverential awe, we turn our eyes
 Where ENGLAND'S drooping flower, his Mother, lies :
 All pride of pomp, all greatness, disappears,
A lovely Woman, only—claims our tears.

* * * * *

* * * * *

'Tis past—the conflict's o'er—but O! that frame
 Can never more supply the vital flame ;
 Its last pale beams are quiv'ring in decay,
 And all its splendours fluctuate away.

Yet still that noble mind retain'd its power,
 And resignation mark'd her dying hour ;

And fond affection's never broken tie
 Clung round her heart, and glisten'd in her eye,
 That still one object sought—HE—only HE
 Smooth'd her sharp passage to eternity!
 Smother'd his grief, and check'd the bursting tear,
 That he might whisper fortitude to her.
 Sceptres and crowns are all forgotten now,
 And Death's cold signet stamps that royal brow.

* * * * *

CAN this be death!—will this dear hand no more
 Return the pressure?—is the trial o'er—
 And will these tender eyes no more awake—
 And must that face this cold impression take?
 Still, still he doubts, and fondly hopes to see
 A dimple stir the deep tranquillity—

—But ah! *that kiss* bids hope's last gleam depart,
The bolt of ice shoots to his widow'd heart.

* * * * *

'Tis darkness all—a desolating dream—
As one who sinks that strove in vain to swim.
—O! let the pent-up tempest freely flow
In all the full luxuriance of woe!
Thou need'st no more the passions fetter'd keep,
Take now the mournful privilege—to weep;
And sacred be thy tears.—What mortal pow'r
Dare offer comfort in that bitter hour?—
To Heaven alone thou look'st, in agony,
And Heaven's own eye alone should look on thee.

WHILE deepest anguish rends the Husband's heart,—
 A royal Parent sees his hopes depart ;
 His only Child—the heiress of the throne,
 The image of his youth—for ever gone.—
 Not ev'n her Infant left—whose tender form
 Had been to him the rainbow in the storm ;
 The joy and solace of his life's decline,
 The rightful heir of an illustrious line.

SURE, Heaven, in every dispensation wise,
 From this sad scene had veil'd our Sov'REIGN's eyes ;
 And spar'd his feeble age the dreadful blow
 That lays a nation's pride and glory low.
 Secure he rests, from sorrow's piercing darts,
 Nor feels the pang that rends his people's hearts.
 KING OF OUR YOUTH !—well may our bosoms burn,
 When to THY venerable name we turn.

To thee we first were taught allegiance due ;
 In midst of changing states—no change we knew ;
 But still, beneath the same protecting wing,
 Breathe free our loyal Hymn—**GOD SAVE THE KING !**

BRITANNIA mourn ! lost is the brightest gem
 That ever sparkled in thy diadem.—
 Search History's page—the nation never bore
 A loss so sudden, or so sad, before.
 Though tears have fall'n for **HENRY's** youthful Bride,*
 The fruit surviv'd—tho' the frail blossom died ;
 The State, rejoicing, hail'd a future King,
 And soon baptismal acclamations ring ;

* **JANE SEYMOUR.**

While Heaven, in mercy, took from troubl'd scenes
The fair successor of unhappy Queens.

BUT *thou*, fair ENGLAND'S flower! no sable shade
On thy bright prospects bade their colours fade :
No inauspicious *past* awak'd our dread,
And *future* joy beam'd ever round *thy* head.
Long shall thy fate our dear remembrance claim,
And BRITAIN'S annals mourn o'er CHARLOTTE'S name.

OH ! shades of CLAREMONT, sacred be your fane
To her alone—for *there* she yet may *reign*.
May no rude tenant on her bowers intrude,
No vulgar use profane the solitude.
May Fashion never there collect her court,
Nor dissipation to its halls resort :
But let a magic zone the circle bound,
And every step within be hallow'd ground ;

